

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
YORKSHIRE DIALECT
SOCIETY.

FOUNDED 1897.

PART XXXIV.

—
VOLUME V.

Printed for the Society by
WADDINGTONS, Manafield Street, YORK.

OCTOBER, 1931.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

The following are the previous Numbers of the Society's Transactions. They may be had of the Hon. Secretaries, price Two Shillings each, nett.

- PART V.—Dialect Notes from Northernmost England, by R. Oliver Heslop, M.A., F.S.A. The Importance of Phonology in the Study of the Popular Speech, by the Rev. T. Clarke.
- PART VI.—The Study of Living Popular Dialects and its Place in the Modern Science of Language, by H. Cecil Wyld, B.Litt. Sol, a Farce, by John Metcalfe, J.P.
- PART VII.—The Wakefield Miracle Plays, by Professor F. W. Moorman, B.A., Ph.D. A Handful of Derivations, by the Rev. J. Hanson Green, B.A. Ancient Danish 'Mensnames' in Yorkshire, by the Rev. E. Maule Cole, M.A., F.G.S.
- PART VIII.—The Two Yorkshire Dialects, by Richard Stead, B.A., F.R.Hist.S. The Collection of English Dialect, by S. O. Addy, M.A.

VOLUME II.

- PART IX.—Jottings from the Leaves of a Dialect Collector's Notebooks, by Coun. B. Kirkby, of Batley. Language and Dialect, by Allen Mawer, B.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.
- PART X.—Some Features of Interest in the Phonology of the North Midland and North-Western Dialects, by T. V. Hirst, M.A., Ph.D. Dialect and Etymology, by Henry Bradley, M.A., Ph.D., F.B.A.

PART XI.

- The Treasures of Dialect, with Illustrations from the Folk-Speech of the Wolds-men, by the Rev. M. C. T. Morris, B.C.L., M.A.
- Some Considerations Relating to the Study of Old English Poetry, by T. Gregory Foster, Provost of University College, London.

PART XII.

- Odin and Thor in Old Norse Poetry, by A. R. Skemp, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in English in the University of Sheffield.
- Echoes of Old English Rhythm in Modern English Poetry, by Professor C. E. Vaughan, M.A., of Leeds University.

PART XIII.

- The Revival of Languages and Dialects, by W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D., Oxford.
- Place Names and Dialect Study, by Henry Alexander, M.A., Oxford.

PART XIV.

- Dialect in Literature, by Keighley Snowden.
- Historical Notes on the Sheffield Dialect, by J. D. Jones, Ph.D., B.A., Sheffield.

VOLUME III.

PART XV.

- The Historical and Educational Value of Yorkshire Dialect, by W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D., Oxford.
- Recent Work in Scottish Dialects, by Wm. Grant, B.A.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
SECRETARY'S REPORT	5
THE YEAR'S WORK, <i>by W. J. Halliday</i>	7
TWO MINING ACCOUNT BOOKS FROM FARNLEY COLLIERY, 1690-1720, <i>by Dr. R. Offor</i>	9
DIALECT COMPETITION	29
REVIEWS, <i>by W. J. Halliday</i> —	
"Gypsy Dorelia," <i>by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe</i> ; "Humours of Village Life," <i>by J. Fairfax- Blakeborough</i> ; "Joseph Wright," <i>by C. H. Firth</i> ; "The Waiting Room," <i>by Irene Petch</i> ; "South African Summer," <i>by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe</i>	41
GRANNY MAT TO HER GRAND-DAUGHTER MATILDA, <i>by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe</i>	46
TH' CAT HOLE INN, <i>by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe</i>	47
THER'S BETTER DAYS TO COME, <i>by Ben Turner</i>	48
TH' HENPECKED HUSBAND, <i>by Ben Turner</i>	49
BALANCE-SHEET	50
LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS	51

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The Society has a membership of 235, including affiliated societies, a slight increase on the number in the previous year, despite the attrition occasioned by times of financial stress in which many valued members have felt obliged to economise on subscriptions.

There is no reason why our numbers should not be doubled. If every member would do the personal recruiting which is at present carried on by some half-dozen only, the usefulness of the Society could be greatly increased. Letters in the Press, public speeches in which the Broad Doric is affectionately mentioned, conversations with friends who profess interest, all give opportunities to add to our membership.

Financially, the Society is stronger than it has been for some years. In this it owes nothing to the few who receive reminders of subscriptions due and disregard them. May we commend to these the Bank Order Form as the most useful way of helping the Society?

The Council has met once during the year. It made the final arrangements for the making of the first two Records in the Dialect Recording Scheme, that of the Bradford District by Mr. Moses Mellor, that of the East Riding by Mr. F. Austin Hyde. By the time this issue of the Transactions is in the hands of the members those records should be made.

The Council also decided to add to its Library the full set of Dialect Records which are being made by the British Drama League. These include twenty-four British dialects, those for Yorkshire having been recorded by Mr. Henry Ainley for the West Riding and Mr. F. Austin Hyde for the East Riding.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held in the University of Leeds on Saturday, May 20th, under the Presidency of Sir W. H. Arthington Worsley, Bart. A paper was read by Dr. Richard Offor on "Two Mining Account-Books from Farnley Colliery, 1690-1720," a copy of which appears in this issue.

In the election of officers, Sir W. H. A. Worsley was heartily thanked for his services as President and unanimously

re-elected. The names of Viscount Snowden of Icornshaw, Mr. Alfred Harper and Mr. Austin Hyde were added to the list of Vice-Presidents.

Dr. J. Hambley Rowe was re-elected Chairman of the Council, Mr. W. J. Halliday Editorial Secretary, Mr. W. Day Metcalf Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. E. F. Knowles Honorary Auditor. The Council was re-elected en bloc.

The report on the Dialect Writing Competition, made possible by the generosity of Mr. Alfred Harper, was received.

During the year the Editorial Secretary has had the pleasure of lecturing on Dialect to the Society of Yorkshire-Folk in Shropshire, and the Honorary Secretary of lecturing to the Society of Yorkshiremen in London. The activities in dialect drama mentioned in last year's Transactions have been continued during the year. There is in Yorkshire a widespread interest in amateur drama, and many members of the Society are sharing in the work for dialect which is being done on the amateur stage.

I cannot hand over the arduous duties of Secretary to the Society without thanking those members whose kindness has made the task worth while. From all corners of England and from the furthest parts of the world during the past three years I have received letters showing how deep-rooted is the affection for "Broad Yorkshire."

The brief note of a Sheffield manufacturer sending his subscription and saying only, "Here's t'kelt, lad!"; long dialect letters from a craftsman in the United States, word-perfect in his native tongue though he left this country in 1886; short stories from a village shopkeeper; memories of words spoken fifty years ago from a Sheffield caretaker, anecdotes from an East Yorkshire vicar; enquiries without number about individual words; a play in seventeen scenes; two delightful collections of verse; a full-length dialect novel—all these and many more have come to give evidence of the fact that our Dialect lives in the hearts of those born to it.

I assure my dialect friends that "Ah think a deal aboot 'em."

F. AUSTIN HYDE.

THE YEAR'S WORK.

The main item of interest to our members is the progress that we are able to report in our Dialect Recording Scheme. The first two records have now been made, and are on sale at the leading music shops. We hope that our members will help the scheme by buying these records. The two dialects which have been recorded are those of Baildon, recorded by Mr. Moses Mellor, and of Pickering, recorded by Mr. F. Austin Hyde. The full text of the record may be found in the Society's Transactions of 1930 and 1906. Arrangements have been completed for the making of the third record. This will be the Cleveland dialect, and the recorder will be Major Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C., one of our Vice-Presidents and a leading authority and writer on the dialect and folk lore of the North Riding.

The financial position of our Recording Scheme calls for comment. The work is costly, and if we are to carry through our complete scheme in which we hope to record twenty to twenty-five varieties of dialect, some special effort will have to be made to raise the necessary funds.

Mrs. McGrigor Phillips has most generously come to our assistance with a further donation of £20, but the position is serious. We have expended the whole of our funds in making the first three records, and although we are hopeful of some return from the sale of records, it is obvious that we must rely on private contributions for the bulk of our requirements.

May we once again appeal to our members to help in this most necessary and important work? If we can complete the scheme, we shall be pioneers in this comprehensive surveying of the dialect of our county. This work is long overdue. It has been done in Norway and Germany under official, national sanctions, and it is possible that here in England, our efforts, necessarily local and partial, may lead to the undertaking of a similar scheme for the whole country. It is not necessary to point out the importance of such an undertaking. Our language at the present may be said to be in the melting-pot, and the present effort towards standardisation demands a thorough study and appreciation of the qualities and limits

of local speech, if it is not to result in a mere chaos. Ben Jonson's criticism of Spenser that "in affecting the ancients, he writ no language" may be applicable to the new English that emerges, unless due regard is taken of the living dialects still in vigorous use.

Will our members help by sending all they can, and by bringing the claims of the scheme to the notice of friends and the general public?

There are many items of interest to our members which it is pleasing to record. Mrs. McGrigor Phillips (Dorothy Una Ratcliffe) has published another romantic drama of the Dales, *Gypsy Dorelia*—a field of literary work in which she is an acknowledged master. Major Fairfax-Blakeborough has written another charming study of Yorkshire character, *Humours of Village Life*. We heartily commend to our members these two characteristic works, reviews of which appear in this issue.

In this issue, too, we publish the winning entries in our recent Dialect Competition. This competition, made possible by the generosity of Mr. A. Harper—(Has not Mr. Harper the record for length of service in the Society?)—was a great success. The number of entries ran to three figures, and if the competition did not bring to light any hidden genius, it gave ample proof of the existence of a larger nest of singing birds in Yorkshire dialect than many were aware of.

Mr. Hyde has handed over the duties of Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to Mr. Day Metcalf. We are indebted to Mr. Hyde for his work for the Society and for dialect in general, and hope that he will long give us the benefit of his knowledge and wise counsel.

Finally, it is a great pleasure to record the great literary honour which was paid to one of our distinguished members during the year. The Gorsedd of Wales elected Dorothy Una Ratcliffe, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., the Yorkshire Poet and Playwright, and contributor to the Yorkshire Dialect Transactions, to be an Honorary Bard of the Gorsedd y Beirdd. The initiation ceremony took place at the Eisteddfod at Wrexham in August, when Mrs. Ratcliffe received the picturesque title of Cantor Dyffrynredd y Gogledd (Singer of the Northern Dales). This recognition of Mrs. Ratcliffe's literary work, besides being the hall-mark of high personal achievement, is a tribute to the place that Yorkshire Dialect literature holds in the estimation of the judges of national literature.

W. J. HALLIDAY.

TWO MINING ACCOUNT BOOKS FROM FARNLEY COLLIERY, 1690-1720.

By R. OFFOR, B.A., Ph.D.
(Librarian, The University, Leeds).

Every noteworthy library should follow to some extent one or two paths of its own: among the rank and file of standard works that it must acquire in common with other libraries, it should endeavour to develop special collections that will give it a character peculiar to itself. Now, even the greatest libraries in this country cannot easily compete in the market for such things as illuminated MSS and Caxtons. Failing wealthy donors, it is impossible for a modern university to entertain the idea of acquiring these costly rarities. Unless a library has had such a start given it as that which the John Rylands Library at Manchester was fortunate enough to receive, it would be futile for it to devote its resources to purchasing mere scraps of such things.

Hence in the pursuit of what is really practicable, the library of the University of Leeds has modestly reached out in certain well-defined directions which do not involve great expenditure. One such effort is represented by books translated from English into French or books in French about Great Britain printed before the year 1800. This has made possible the assembling at small cost of an attractive collection of French books well over 2,000 in number, that illustrates the influence of this country on France and has been a useful aid to the linguistic work of the University's French department.

Of more direct interest to this Society is the great collection of Icelandic literature containing 8,000 books and pamphlets, a matter of considerable interest to Yorkshire in view of our historic Scandinavian connections.

Another ambition has been to try to get together a few local records of interest in the economic history of this great industrial region. Commercial correspondence, ledgers, cash books, minute books, may be old enough not to be of any current or private importance but yet may not have become the coveted prize of the collector and so are apt to be destroyed as useless, with the result that relatively little has survived to provide us with the details of the early portion of that great evolution which has somewhat unhappily been named the Industrial Revolution.

It is not so much a wealthy donor who is required in this matter as the thoughtful person who may have inherited family and business papers which have no pecuniary value in themselves, but yet are worth preserving for the light they throw on the industrial and business life of their time.

Mrs. Gott in presenting to us the fragments that remained to show how Benjamin Gott built up a great enterprise after 1790 has enabled a good contribution to be made to the history of the textile industry in Leeds; and now we have the two colliery cash books which are the subject of this paper, and which give us a small glimpse into the past of another of Yorkshire's great industries.

First as to the compilers of these cash books. The tall narrow book which I call "I" bears the inscription "Robert Arthington his Booke, 1690." From an entry in this book Robert appears to have died in 1715. "His son John" is mentioned constantly. The entries terminate in 1720, when John Arthington is stated to be "deceased."

Then there is the small broad book, "II," which covers the years from 1710 to 1720. The early entries here resemble Robert's hand in I. From 1713 to 1720 both books are in a fine and neat 17th century hand as of an old man who was still using the style of writing in vogue in his youth. This would probably be that of John Arthington. At the end of II. there are a few pages written in the reverse direction. This I call "III."

Finally, in 1720 we have a quite modern-looking sloping hand for the few pages that remain. Perhaps the Arthington interest had ceased, and Sam Smith, their last foreman, if such he is to be called, merely went on with the book until their affairs had been wound up.

A difficulty is that II. has "Joshua Arthingtons Book. 1692" written across the end page. I hazard the guess that Robert and John were brothers. Who Joshua was I cannot say. Joshua and John may be one and the same person, to judge from a signature at the end of II. in which "John" is written upside down below "Joshua." A glance through the published volumes of the Leeds Parish Registers has provided no information.

The book ultimately passed to Robert Arthington, a great benefactor to missionary societies and a member of the Society of Friends. He was a singular character whom many older Leeds people still remember. His executor, the late Mr. J. E. Whiting, presented these books to the University of Leeds.

There are records of mining at Farnley, south-west of Leeds, as early as the middle of the sixteenth century. The Lords of the Manor were the Danbys of Thorp Perow to whom Farnley passed by marriage in the time of Henry VIII. In the same

reign and in a similar manner the Danbys became Lords of Masham, with their residences at Swinton. The first Mayor of Leeds under the Restoration Charter was Thomas Danby of Farnley: hence the three mullets on the city shield.

The head of the family in 1690 was Sir Abstrupus Danby (1655-1727). He must be the "Sr. Abs" on the first page of J. There were three Danbys of Farnley and Masham with that singular Christian name. This one is commemorated by a large monument in Masham Parish Church. Of the Elizabethan house built by the Danbys at Farnley only portions of the cellars remain; the family fortunes declined, and the house was rebuilt on a smaller scale in the middle of the eighteenth century. Farnley Hall passed to the Armitages in 1800, who added a final wing about a century ago. The present owner is Mr. Robert Armitage.

What was the exact position of the Arthingtons at Farnley? Robert was on very intimate terms with young Abstrupus, for Mr. Whiting lent us for a time two most amusing letters from the latter to Robert, the best of which cannot unfortunately now be found. Young Abstrupus commented bitterly on the parsimony of his sire, who was "pleased to be a little disorder'd with passion," and used a "few wide-mouth'd Oaths" on being asked for an increase in his son's allowance. "Love to old Sarah" in the post-script seems to show the familiar character of the relationship between young Abstrupus and Robert.

Mr. Armitage thinks that the Arthingtons may have rented Farnley Hall from the Danbys. Mr. Preston, Director of the Corporation Art Gallery and Museum at the Cartwright Memorial Hall, Bradford, is also of this opinion. On the other hand, coals for "Home" and coals for "the Hall" are clearly distinguished in the cash books, and children of the young Abstrupus Danby were being buried at Farnley in 1724. A large number of papers about Farnley have recently been presented to the Cartwright Hall at Bradford by Lady Cunliffe Lister, and an investigation of these might provide the required information. Mr. Preston states, "There is a large number of Arthington letters at the Cartwright Hall, and Robert, I think it was, who acted as steward on this estate in the late 17th century and early 18th, was held in great respect by the Danbys. Robert's letters are marked throughout by honesty and strength of character, and illustrate the high principles of this old Quaker, whose descendants must have inherited something of his sterling quality. Sir Ab. Danby frequently addresses him as 'Honest Robert.'" In a second letter Mr. Preston says, "The Account Books of Robert Arthington beginning in 1696, which are most beautifully written, show

that he was a man of some culture. Some of the Account Books contain sections:—

- "1701-2. Charges at the Sow in Farnley Wood.
- "1703-4. Coals gotten at Farnley Wood.
- "1704-5. Coal Pit A/cs.

"There is a number of letters written by Robert to Sir Ab. Danby, in which there are many references to the coal mines, and other matters of great interest. Robert died somewhere about 1716, when his son, John, took on the work incidental to the Stewardship. The coal mines were, in the first instance, worked for the benefit of Sir Ab. Danby. Later on they appear to have been leased to the Arthingtons. There were about six pits at work."

Mr. Armitage knew nothing of any connection between the Arthingtons and Farnley till these cash books came to light and cannot tell when that connection ceased.

All that need be said here about the character of the mining is that the seams were shallow ones, which were soon worked out, the pits being what are known as bell-shaped in construction. The Arthingtons had clearly secured the mineral rights at Farnley, the coal being largely used for smelting the iron found in the vicinity. The Leeds Fireclay Company is still working the deeper seams.

The method of accounting as presented in these cash books need also not greatly concern us here. It will require much patient investigation before we can have an accurate idea of the transactions involved: Professor Ritson and I have examined carefully several entries, but we have not grasped the full meaning of the somewhat puzzling details.

Roughly speaking, the amounts paid out in wages for various kinds of work are balanced against the amounts received in the sale of the coal. Every now and then a new pit is sunk, and there is a brief account of the operations: the measurement and character of the working with the accompanying payments; also the cost of the implements required. There was apparently a foreman-supervisor, who carried on for a number of years:—Robert Pearte, Richard Rood, Francis Nowell, Thomas Patteson, George Holdsworth, and others. The name of this supervisor, or whatever he was, appears at the head of every page. He must have had a relatively responsible position, for in 1694 there is the laconic entry "Rich: Rood accounted ye above said and went a way." Nothing more is heard of Richard Rood, and the whole enterprise seems to go to pieces for a year or so.

Book II. has some curious additional entries:—

1. A verse on the futility of hoarding.
 "There was a man lockt Gold up in his Chest
 And thereupon he wrote hic deus est
 There was a maid this thing she did espie
 And glad she was therein the Gold did lye,
 The Gold she tooke, & wrote the Chest upon
 Resurexit sir your God is risen and gone."

JOSHUA ARTHINGTON.

2. Many pages of Greek verbs with their Latin synonyms. These, coupled with the neat penmanship of some of the accounts, show that the Arthingtons were no illiterate persons.

3. Directions for growing filberts, walnut trees and mulberry trees.

Finally we come to the terms employed in these books. A press notice stated that they puzzled the expert. I was certainly puzzled, but I am not an expert. I am not quite clear who is an expert in these matters. Many of the terms baffle Professor Ritson as much as they do me. The correspondence that came to me as the result of newspaper articles, however, showed that many phrases strange to us are familiar to those of the older generation who were concerned with mining. Even so, however, the letters indicate that some expressions have different meanings in different neighbourhoods. I wish I could have kept in touch with an unemployed mine official of Castleford who came here to see me and interpreted many dark phrases. Many valuable suggestions have come from Mr. F. Mountain, of Emley, near Huddersfield, grandfather of Mr. H. Stafford, Research Assistant in the mining department of the University. Mr. J. Graham, of the same district, grandfather of Mr. Swallow, a student in the University, has usefully collaborated with us, and I am also indebted to Mr. W. B. Crump, M.A., for help on one or two points. Through Mr. Crump, Mr. J. T. Whitwell, of the smithy in Weetwood Lane, Far Headingley, has confirmed the use of the terms "remove" and "body cloute." Finally, acknowledgment must be made to Mr. W. D. Metcalf, of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, for interesting suggestions. I append:—

1. Some extracts from Cash Book I.
2. A glossary of terms.

In the glossary I have inserted all expressions that may be unfamiliar to a person without any knowledge of mining: many of them are still current, and some may have little to do with mining: the Arthingtons had farming interests, as well as mining ones.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FARNLEY COLLIERY CASH BOOKS.

1690	Ro: Arthington debr to Ro: Hurst	
	for a barr of Iron for meale Arke	
	for Naailes to Langdall wife house	0. 0. 9.
	for a Crosse hacke to E. Wright 6 lb 4 oz	0. 0. 4.
	for 3 new shooes & a Remove of ye sorrelld gall	0. 2. 0.
	for 2 shooes and a Remove of drag	0. 0. 10.
	for 2 body cloutes on ye coup carte & 2 fore cloutes removing	0. 0. 9.
	for a new shooe on ye sorrelld	0. 0. 8.
	for 3 Removes 3d draw nailes 6d	0. 0. 3.
	for a new sythe in haytime 91	0. 0. 9.
	for a Remove on ye backe gall July 18: 91	0. 2. 6.
	for 2 new shooes same day on Jerrold	0. 0. 1.
		0. 0. 6.
		<hr/>
		0. 9. 5.

1692.	Ro: Pearte	
June 4	Will: Goodall	- 44 1. 10
	Tho: Ffirth	- 44 1. 10
	Woods	- 92 3. 10
		<hr/>
		180 7. 6

2 (4
~~180~~ [22
~~88~~

June 11	Will: Goodall	- 50 1. 9
	ffirth	- 31 1. 3½
	Woods	- 86 3. 7½
		<hr/>
		167 6 8

167 (7
~~8~~ [20
~~8~~

June 18	Will: Goodall	- 63 2. 7½
	Tho: ffirth	- 63 2. 7½
	Woods	- 112 4. 8
		<hr/>
		238 9. 11

7 (6
~~238~~ [29
~~88~~

692.	Ro: Pearte	
June 4	Candles 3 lb	0. 1. 3
	Coale gotten is 180	1. 2. 6
		<hr/>
		1. 3. 9

paid for getting 0. 7. 6
 for banckeing 0. 6. 10
 for Will: Goodall & Tho:)
 ffirth workeing ye gall)
 0. 2. 00

due 0. 7. 5

June 11	Coales gotten is 167	1.00.10½
---------	----------------------	----------

Coales getting 0.06. 8
 banckeing 0.06. 3
 for feyng ye pitt 0.03. 6
 for ye sough tayle
 feyng 0.00. 6

due .03.11½

June 18	Coales gotten	1.09.09
	Candles	0.02.06
		<hr/>
		1.12.03

paid for getting 0.09.11
 banckeing 0.06.10
 Woods for a gall 0.00.10

due 14.08

1719

May 9th & 16th Geo: Holdsworth

Getting 73 Sco Task	3.00.10
benck feighing	0.01.08
given 1d p. score more for Hurrying a longer way than usuall—21 Sco	0.01.09
pooleing 73 Sco at 3d	0.18.03
George wages	0.08.00
three bencks wining	0.03.00
Ale given them May 6th	0.01.00
Trust Home 8 Lo 8 Lo	0.03.04
May 16th Hall 20 Lo	0.04.02
Cash at twice	2.18.06 $\frac{1}{4}$
	<hr/>
	8.00.06 $\frac{1}{4}$

May 23rd, 30th and June 6th Geo: Holdsworth

Getting 96 Sco by Task	4.00.00
paid James towards straitwork	1.00.00
Pooleing 111 Sco at 3d p.	1.07.09
George wages	0.12.00
Tho Savage for 2 Corves making	02.04
given them to drinke when I fest boardgate with James at 9d p. yard 80 yds. with earnest	0.01.06
Titus & lad at buy worke	0.04.06
Wood borrowing 14 Sco	0.02.04
Cash Rec.	3.12.04 $\frac{3}{4}$
	<hr/>
	11.02.09 $\frac{3}{4}$

These extracts only give a casual glimpse into the contents: there are considerable variations in the nature and the treatment of the entries as between certain intervals of time.

The first extract gives one or two interesting terms used in smith's work. With regard to the 1692 extract, it will be seen that Robert Pearte has the supervisory position at this period, although no wage appears to be paid to him. On the left-hand side is entered what is "paid for getting the coal," which works out at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a unit: Professor Ritson suggests that this unit was a *corf*, which had a carrying capacity of 180 to 200 lbs. The sum below each of these debit entries is a division by 8 of the total quantity of coal obtained. Professor Ritson has made another suggestion that this reduces the *corves* to *loads* at 8 corves to the load, giving a total of some 1,600 lbs. a load, the normal capacity of a farm cart.

On the right-hand side these loads are entered as receipts at 1/- a load, 22½ loads, the result of the first division, giving the sum of £1 2s. 6d. Candles are usually a form of profit, each miner having to purchase his candles from the proprietor. The cost of certain additional work shews us some of the terms used.

In the 1719 extract George Holdsworth is supervisor with a wage of 4/- a week: many more technical terms have made their appearance by this time.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED.

E.D.D.	English Dialect Dictionary.
G.	Mr. Graham.
Hooson.	Miners' dictionary, 1747.
M.	Mr. Mountain.
O.E.D.	Oxford English Dictionary.
Raymond.	Glossary of mining and metallurgical terms, 1881.

The context, where necessary, is given in italics, followed by the meaning if a meaning has been found or suggested. Some of the terms mentioned occur a large number of times.

Advance. I. 34b.	1692. Loss on week's dealings.
Allaway.	1719. <i>George 10s. his allaway 2s. 0.12.00.</i>
I. 118b.	Allowance (?) (M.)
	An assistant—a miner in those days and even more recently had a boy alongside to do odd jobs. (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
Arke. I. 32.	1690. <i>for a barr of Iron for Meale Arke. 0.00.09.</i>
	O.E.D. <i>North. Dial.</i> A large wooden bin or hutch for storing meal, bread, etc.
Ash Coales.	1705. <i>2 Horse Load of Ashe Coales.</i>
I. 80b.	Home coales (?) (M.)
Ashe Man.	1693. <i>given to Ashe man 1d. 0.00.01.</i>
I. 41a.	
Back End.	1717. <i>Getting 6 yds for a bench out of back end. 0.05.6.</i>
II. 83b	The fast end of a bench (q.v.), i.e., the end of a coal face where a man could only work on one side of the bench. (M.)

- Backstone . 1701. *paid for a Backstone del. Mar. 12. 99*
 I. 80a. *2 sto: 2 pound which I cannot remember.*
 O.E.D. *bakestone.* A flat stone or slate on which cakes are baked in the oven: a plate of iron used for the same purpose. [Occurs in *Richmond Wills.*] 1690.
- Banckeing. *banckeing.* 3.6
 I. 9a. Removing corves from the rope at the pit head. (M.)
- Banksman. 1715. *Lent the Colliers & Banksman last*
 II. 44b. *weeke. 0.04.01½.*
 O.E.D. An Overlooker above ground at a coal mine, a "bank manager" (1598).
 Originally the chief officer at a pithead, the banksman would pay wages, conduct sales and remove corves from the cage. Later, with the increasing size of mines and the sub-division of functions, "banksman" comes to mean the man who removes corves from the cage and has charge of the signals to the "winders." (Mr. Swallow.)
- Benche. I. 110a. 1718. *five bencks turning in. 0.05.00.*
 Benck. A working place. (M.)
 Breaking in on coal face preparatory to "getting" the coal. (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
- Bindings. 1706. *for 8 Loads of Bindings into Hall*
 I. 56b. *ground. 4.0.*
 Scale from the coal and used for road repairs. (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
 E.D.D. A long rod or wand of hazel or thorn used in hedge-making. (Thoresby's Letters, 1703.)
- Bitting. See Wimbles.
- Board. II. 93b. 1718. *new pitt 5 yds end towards spring*
6 yds 1st for a bench board. 10.10.
 E.D.D. A working place or passage in a coal-pit excavated at right angles to the line of cleavage in the coal.

- Boardgate. 1704. *paid him for 5 y boardgate in ye pit eye.* 00.05.00.
 I. 83a. RAYMOND. Gate. A road or way underground.
 Now termed "bordgate"—a working place—there being "bordgate" and "endgate." (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
 An underground road running E. and W., as distinct from "endgate," which runs N. and S. from the bottom of the shaft. (Mr. Graham.)
- Boarding. 1718. *for Boarding Adam pitt.* 0.04.00.
 II. 96a. Lining the shaft with wood. (M.)
- Body Cloute. 1690 *for 2 body cloutes on ye coup carte & 2 fore cloutes removing.* 8.
 I. 3a. E.D.D. "Cloute," a plate of iron going halfway round that part of an axle-tree which works within the stock of a wheel. (W. Yks.)
 Mr. Whitwell. "One of the pair of clouts that go the full length of the axle-tree is called the body clout." [As in Oxfordshire, E.D.D.]
- Bonners. II. 24a. 1712. *Bonners to Hall 169 Cor.* 0.01.01½.
 36a. 1713. *Hall bonners.* 30 Cor.
 See Boone: Booners.
- Boone. I. 100a. 1717. *Oates & Peirson for wakeing at*
 Bonne. II. 14a. *Boone.* 0.01.00.
 II. 26a. 1711. *Hall a boone by Edw: Bickers 12 Cor.* 00.01.06.
 1712. *Hall-Bonne by Ro: Arthington, 6 Cor.*
 O.E.D., E.D.D. Boon-days. Tenant had to work for landlord certain days. A resident of Silsden, at the meeting at which this paper was read, stated that coal had to be delivered free by the Silsden colliers to Skipton Castle as part of their right to work the coal. He said that "boon" money has still to be paid by certain tenants to the owners of Skipton Castle. Mr. Mountain says this custom also obtains at Methley.

- Booners. II. 55a. 1715. *Booners John Arthington 33 Cor.*
0.04.01½.
O.E.D. "booning." 1862, *Life among Coll*
iers. Tenants took it in turn to lead own
coals, which custom was known as
booning.
- Borrowing. See Punshons.
- Bottom Iron. 1711. *Rec: a barr of Bottom Jorn for Coale*
I. 58a. *pitt weges.*
Each collier made his own wedges. (M.)
- Bottom Shovel. 1716. *Bottom shovels 3.*
I. 95a.
- By Work. I. 83b. 1704. *paid Adam for 2 dayes by worke.*
I. 114a. 00.02.04.
1719. *Titus & lad at buy worke.* 0.04.06.
Buywork. Odd jobs, for which payment was
not made by the piece. (M.)
- Club. II. 42a. 1715. *due to him that he laid down for Club*
then. 0.01.00.
due to Rich: for 2 Clubs. 0.02.00.
Hammer (?) (M.)
- Cloute. See Body Cloute.
- Constable. 1715. *for a Constable Ley.*
II. 43a. See Ley.
- Coopple. 1718. *two days to Coopple through the fall.*
II. 90b. 0.02.08.
O.E.D. Obsolete form of "couple."
Make connecting road. (M.)
- Corfe. I. 86a. 1710. *3 new Corves.* 00.13.06.
Corves. O.E.D. A large and strong basket formerly
used in carrying coal from a working place
in a mine to the surface.
- Coup Carte. 1690.
I. 3a. E.D.D. A tip-cart, a cart that can be tipped
up and the contents emptied without un-
fastening the shafts. (N. Yks.)
Newcastle area: Cart with sides that let
down. (Professor Ritson.)
"Muck" cart for carrying away refuse such
as stone. (M.)

- Couplings.** 1720. *couplings* 2.0.
 II. 105b. Links or chains to fasten corves together.
 (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
- Craw Bed.** I. b. 1690. *Coales gott in ye Craw-bed* 0.02.00.
Crow Bed. 1715. *Coales gott out of Crowbed.*
 II. 40b. Name assigned to a certain seam of coal
 that occurs in Yorkshire. (Professor
 Ritson.)
- Cross Hacke.** 1690. *for a Cross hacke to E. Wright.* 6lb 4.
 I. 3a. 0.02.00.
 Cross cut saw. (M.)
 The head of a pickaxe (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
- Dead End.** See Back End.
- Dead Worke.** 1691. *for dead worke.* 0.02.00.
 I. 11a. RAYMOND. Work that is not directly pro-
 ductive though it may be necessary for
 exploration.
- Down End.** 1715. *John Wilkinson down end* 8 yds.
 II. 42b. 0.07.04.
 End is opposite to board, i.e., parallel to the
 "cleat."
 Down end = lower end. (M.)
 Probably the same as W. Yks. "Dip
 Side," i.e., the "Board" which slopes down-
 wards from the bit-bottom. (Mr. Graham.)
- End Head.** 1697. *Jo: Smith for takeing up Levell in ye*
 I. 77b. *Long Endhead.* 09.00.
- End Stickeing.** 1695. *for ye end stickinge.* 0.4.
 I. 62a. Or "styking"—to-day refers to the chan-
 nelling made to act as a drain to the sump
 which is usually at bottom of pit-shaft. (Mr.
 Day Metcalf.)
- Fall.** I. 56a. 1704. *poles in ye fall in smmr 1703.* 100 at
 II. 90b. *6d a peece.* 2.10.0.
 1718. *two dayes to coople through the fall.*
 0.02.08.
 Evidently this "fall" (of roof) has occurred
 during the summer of 1703, and 100 poles or
 props at 6d. each were required and used for
 holding up the roof again after clearance of
 "fall." (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
 O.E.D. a felling of trees.

- Feigh. I. 103b. 1717. *Titus one day to ffeigh. o.oi.10.*
 Fey. I. 2a. 1690. *for fallen earth feying.*

Many interpretations have come from various correspondents. *Carnforth*: "With mosses where peat is cut for firing, feighing means digging up all the top sods to get down to the peat." *N. Lanes.*: "Removing the over-burden of a quarry." *Derbyshire*: "The stone, soil, or other substances found with the lead ore which a miner puts on a hillock as useless." *Scarborough*: "Winnowing = feighing the chaff from the corn." *Hull* (a builder): "Taking the top layer from any land." *Preston*: "Removal of a 'spoil bank.' Not used by farmers now." *Sheffield* (Cutlery): "As a grindstone became too small to be used it was lifted out of the trough, and the sludge was feighed or emptied out to make room for a larger stone." In mining at *Castleford*, after the coal had been loosened from the coal face into a rough heap it was "feighed" into the tubs: that is the kind of meaning implied in the cash books.

- Fire Coal. 1694. *fire Coale 2 Lo. oo.06.*
 I. 53a. Fuel consumed at collier's house = home coal. (M.)

- Frame. I. 84b. 1705. *fraimed ye ye fallne pitt eye.*
 I. 86a. 1710. *paid for wood leading for a fraime.*
 II 90b 1718. *one day at pitt frameing.*

E.D.D. The head-gear carrying the pulleys of a pit.

- Gall. I. 23a. 1691. *Will: Goodall for working thorow a gall. (?) Through a gallery.*

E.D.D. A barren spot in a field through which springs constantly ooze up.

A fault. (M.)

Working the "gallery" = ripping or fetching stone down and filling or erecting girders to the roof. (Mr. Day Metcalf.)

- Gall. I. 3a. 1690. *for 3 new shooes & a Remove of ye sorrelld gall.* 0.00.10. [Short for Galloway.]
 E.D.D. Galloway. N. Yks. Any horse under the size of an ordinary draught horse.
 O.E.D. *Sorrelld*=*Sorrel*. Chestnut colour of horses. N. *Country Wills* (Surtees): *My soreld . . . geldinge*.
- Gate Sludgeing. 1693. *paid for gate sludgeing.* 00.00.06.
 I. 42a. Emptying the sludge remaining after drawing off water which had been collected in the sump. (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
 Cleaning up a gate or road. (M.)
- Gate Stickeing. 1691. *For gate stickeing & dressing.* 0.01.8.
 I. 24a. See End Stickeing.
- Glutts. II. 86b. 1717. *Sinders 68 Glutts burning.* 0.02.10.
 RAYMOND. "Glut." *Newc.* A piece of wood used to fill up behind *cribbing* or *tubbing*.
- Gudgon. I. 86a. 1710. *for a new gate makeing & Hinging Hoope & gudgon.* 00.04.02.
 O.E.D. The hinge on which a gate hangs.
- Hammer Moulds 1707. *for 2 Hammer moulds.* 00.04.00.
 I. 85a.
- Handle Bands. 1719. *Handle bands.* 0.00.02.
 II. 101a. Hammer heads (?) (M.)
 O.E.D. Edges of mats . . . bound. with . . . handleband, which is probably a coarse hempen tape.
- Hill. I. 40a. 1693. *Coales on ye hill.*
 Coals already extracted from the pit and piled on the surface. (S.)
 "The hill" = the "Pit-hill"; the mound of rock, earth, etc., excavated before coal is reached; surplus stock of coal is usually stored or stacked on top of this to facilitate its loading on carts. (S.)

- Hoale Wimbles. 1719. *Titus to Hoale Wimbles.* 0.0.04.
I. 116b. RAYMOND. "Holing." 1. The working of a lower part of a bed of coal for bringing down the upper mass; 2. The final act of connecting two workings. "Wimble": A shell-auger used for boring in soft ground.
- Holeing Pott. 1718. *Holeing pott* 0.00.06.
I. 109a. O.E.D. *Pot*; the shaft of a mine [obsolete, used only in the North].
- Hurrier. I. 105a. 1717. *Jo Wood Hurrier* 0.02.06.
Usually a lad; his duty is to push trucks of coal from the face to the pit-bottom; this is called "trammings" or "hurrying." (Mr. Graham.)
- Hurry. I. 113b. 1719. *for Hurrying a longer way than usuall.*
Horrie. III. 25b. 1711. *Rich. Craven to Horrie.*
O.E.D. To transport coal by hand from the face of the working to the bottom of the shaft.
- Insett. III. 33a. 1713. *Rob: Clayton Insett 2 yds 16 Cor.*
O.E.D. Place where water flows in.
May be a landing. (M.)
- King's Assessor. 1697.
I. 10a.
- Landing Board. 1715. *from the Landing Board to the Seat*
II. 40b. *under the Coale.*
The board on top of the shaft on to which the coal was pulled. (M.)
- Levell. I. 77b. 1697. *Jo: Smith for takeing up Levell in ye*
Long Endhead.
O.E.D. A horizontal passage or drift into or in a mine.
- Levell Board. 1718. *Levell Board 35 yds.*
I. 110a.
- Levell Gate. 1717. *Gotten in the Thirle by the Levell*
I. 105a. *Gate.*
- Ley. I. 3a. 1690. *a Bridge Ley due in Sep. 90.*
0.09.07½.
II. 43a. 1715. *paid Jo Edison for a Constable Ley 2s*
& for wake at my ffather funerall 1s.
O.E.D. Lay, an impost, assessment, rate, tax. *Liverpool Municipal Records*, one ley yearly.

- Lye. II. 90b. 1718. *One day for Lying through ye Horse*
0.02.02.
two ½ dayes to Lye it above sow pitt
0.05.05.
- III. 26a. 1711. *paid for ye Lying of it [sough?]*
01.05.09.
 A "lye" in S. Wales is a collecting place.
 (Professor Ritson.)
- Meale Arke. See Arke.
- I. 3a. 1692. Apparently loss on week's working.
- Overplush. I. 33b. E.D.D. Yorks. That which is left over.
- Pitt Bottaming. 1719. *Ale at Pit bottaming* 0.01.00.
 I. 118a. Opening out a working from pit bottom.
- Pitt Eye. I. 84b. 1705. *fraimed ye fallne pitt eye.*
 The bottom of a shaft. (M.)
- Pitt Setting. 1718. *drinke at pitt setting.*
 II. 93a. Work previous to sinking. (M.)
- Poles Rearing. 1717. *allowed for poles rearing.* 01.00.
 I. 103b.
- Poole. I. 86b. 1710. *paid him for a day to poole.*
 O.E.D. Undermining the coal so as to bring
 it down.
 Pulling; winding up or drawing the coal from
 underground to the top, or surface. (Mr.
 Day Metcalf.)
- Poolers. II. 44a. 1715. *poolers Kilping & Child at 3½ p*
score. 0.03.11.
- Post. I. 83b. 1704. *paid for 2 dayes in a post.* 00.02.00
 RAYMOND. A pillar of coal.
- Post Holeing. 1716. *post Holeing 2 yds.* 0.02.06.
 II. 76a. Making holes to receive bars of wood (or
 iron) for holding up the roof—each hole a
 yard into the side at top. (Mr. Day
 Metcalf.)
- Post Thirling. 1718. *Titus post thirling.* See Thirling.
 I. 111a.
- Pott. See Holeing.

- Pulling. I. S2a. 1704. *paid Charles for pulling. 00.02.06.
driving ye Boardgate, etc.
Pulling the same.*
Presumably the same as "poole" (q.v.).
- Punshons
Borrowing. 1693. *paid for 20 punshons borrowing.
0.00.03.*
I. 40a. E.D.D. 'Puncheon.' W. Yorks. A pit prop.
"Borrowing." To withdraw the timber supports of the roof of a mine.
- Remove. I 3a. 1690. *for 3 new shooes & a Remove of ye
sorrelld gall. 0.00.10.*
E.D.D., Sc. Irel. Yks. An old horse-shoe used again.
Mr. Whitwell. A horseshoe used again on the same horse.
- Rise End. 1718. *Robert end or Rise end 17 yds.*
I. 110a. Probably the same as W. Yks. 'Rise Side,' i.e., the "board" which slopes upward from a pit bottom. (Mr. Graham.)
- Royall Aides (?) 1697. *The second payt. of Royall Aides due.*
I. 3a.
- Scoore. I. 97b. 1710. *Coales on the Hill 35 Sc. at 2s. 6d.
a scoore.*
O.E.D. North. & Durham. A standard number of tubs or corves.
Professor Ritson. 20 Corves=1 score.
The hurrier was paid at so much a score.
- Share Moulds. 1707. *two share moulds which was weighed
l. 58a. by myselfe. 15 lb 11 ounces.*
O.E.D. Share=iron blade in a plough.
- Sinck Worke. 1711. *Sincke works. 00.05.10.*
III. 26a. E.D.D. "Sink." To make a vertical excavation through the strata.
- Sledge Sides. 1715. *for 4 sledge sides.*
II. 48b. O.E.D. The coal was then dragged from the face in sledges over wooden boards.
- Sludgeing. See Gate Sludgeing.

- Sorrelld. See Gall.
- Sough, III. 26a 1720. *walling a peece of the sough.*
- Sow, II. 89a. 1718. *Jo Smith for by worke in the Sow.*
The sump or cavity at bottom of pit-shaft to catch water in the pit (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
E.D.D. Sow. W. Yorks. Variant of sough.
- Sough Tayle. 1692. *for ye Sough Tayle feying.*
I. 25a. Clearing sludge from tail-end of sump. (Mr. Day Metcalf.)
- Sow Pit, II. 90b. 1718. *two $\frac{1}{2}$ dayes to Lye it above Sow pitt.*
- Stamp, II. 108a. 1720. *a sheet of Stamp . . . £0.1.8.*
E.D.D. "Stamp." A small hole made with a pick for the insertion of a wedge.
- Sticking. See End and Gate.
- Stone Coal. 1710. *began at Moore to sinke at ye Stone*
I. 86a. *Coale.*
The coal known as cannel-coal (M.), i.e., a bituminous coal which burns with a very bright flame.
- Stone Levell. 1717. *agreed to drive . . . a drift . . . for*
I. 97b. *driving & easeing up Levell as far as the*
Stone Levell will carrie.
See Levell.
- Stones Getting. 1715. *paid the colliers for Stones getting.*
II. 41b.
- Straitboard. 1716. *straitboard 2 yds.*
II. 67b. Strait=narrow. See also Board.
- Strait Worke. 1716. *Straitworke 10 yds.*
I. 95a. "Strait"=narrow. Straitwork=driving (i.e., excavating) of a working place from 4 to 10 feet wide and about 24 inches high. (Mr. Graham.)
- Streight End. 1717. *Getting . . . 18 yds back end, 1 yd.*
II. 80b. *streightend.*
E.D.D. "Straight Ending," going direct from the shaft of a mine.
- Stubs, II. 50a. 1715. *paid for Stubs to mend Corves.*
0.00.02.
O.E.D., E.D.D. A Short headless nail,

- Sump. I. 81b. 1704. *Jo: Harrison paid Ad: for sump,*
00.01.02.
RAYMOND. *Cornw.* The space left below
the lowest landing in a shaft to collect the
mine-water. Reservoir for water. (M.)
- Task. I. 52a. 1694. *paid for getting by Taske.* 01.00.01½.
E.D.D. Work to be done by the piece.
- Thirle. I. 105a. 1717. *Gotten in the Thirle by the Levell Gate*
27 Cor.
- Thurle. III. 24b. 1711. *the Thurle 2 dayes & earth faying.*
RAYMOND. *S. Staff.* To cut through from
one working into another. [=drill.]
See also Post Thirling.
- Trust. I. 31a. 1692. *Coales trusted as by a bill.*
Credit. (M.)
Under the heading "Trust" in I. constantly
appear long lists of names with sums of
money attached.
- Tuggs. I. 95a. 1716. *Tuggs 5.*
(Inset) O.E.D. The iron hoop of a corf.
- Turn Stakes. 1715. *agreed . . . to sinke a pitt at Wood*
II. 40b. *to sett on Turne Stakes [etc.]].*
E.D.D. *W. Yorks.* Working surface coal.
The coal was drawn up in small wagons
by a man at the head of the pit who turned
a drum by means of a handle, and round
the drum was a rope which was attached
at each end to a wagon, so that as a full
wagon was drawn up an empty one
descended. This arrangement was called
a turn-stake.
"Jackroll." (M.)
- Wakeing. 1717. *Oates & peirson for wakeing at*
I. 100a. *Boone.* 0.01.00.
See Boone.
- Wake Pott. 1690. *given to a wake pott.* 0.02.00.
I. 4a. Money pooled for a wake. (M.)

- Water Gate. 1704. *Straitebord ye wattergate.* 00.07.00.
 I. 83b.
- I. 104a. 1717. *to ffeigh all the wattergate.*
 Water channel. (M.)
- Watter Lading. 1704. *paid for watter lading.* 00.00.06.
 I. 83a. "Filling water into tubs." (M.)
- Wimbles Bitting. 1719. *paid for Wimbles bitting.* 0.02.04.
 I. 118b. RAYMOND. "Wimble." A shell-auger used
 for boring in soft ground.
 "Bit," the cutting end of a boring imple-
 ment.
 Sharpening picks, drills, etc. (Mr. Day
 Metcalf.)
 See also Hoale Wimbles.
- Wood Reareing. 1717. *Wood Reareing .* 0.01.00.
 II. 84a.
- Worke Sharping. 1717. *Sam Bywater for worke sharping.*
 I. 102a. 0.01.06.
- Wringing. 1719. *Titus & Tho Savage a day wringing
 the pitt and takeing up earth.* 0.02.00.
 I. 118a. RAYMOND. "Ring." *Newc.* A gutter cut
 around a shaft to catch and conduct away
 the water.
 Before bricked shafts came into use, iron
 rings were used to prevent the sides of the
 pit-shaft from "caving" or falling in. (Mr.
 Day Metcalf.)

DIALECT COMPETITION.

Once again, through the generosity of Mr. A. Harper, the Society has held a successful competition for writers of Yorkshire Dialect. Over one hundred entries were received from all parts of the country, and there was ample evidence of a fresh and deep interest in our dialect. The entries were read by the two Secretaries, and the final awards approved by the Council. The successful competitors were:

West Riding.

- Verse. 1. Mr. F. A. Carter, 19, Fenay Bridge,
Huddersfield.
2. Mr. John Lodge, Hoyland, Barnsley.
- Prose. 1. Mrs. E. Stead, Oxford Road, Heck-
mondwike.
2. Mr. Albert Fitton, Shelley, Hudders-
field.

North and East Ridings.

- Verse. 1. Mrs. G. Binnall, Manton Rectory,
Kirton Lindsey, Lincolnshire.
2. Mr. Stanley Umpleby, The Old Farm-
house, Acklam.
- Prose. 1. (No award made.)
2. Mr. Stanley Umpleby.

The winning entries are published below.

AAT I-WALKIN'.

It's grand to goo i'-walkin'
I' May or early June
Of a fine Sunday mornin'
Wi' ivvery bird i' tune.
I whistle t' dog to follow,
An' set me pipe aleet,
An' wark an' care an' bother
Is vanished aat o' t' seet.

When I get into t' cloises,
 There's plenty theer to see,
 Wi' throstles, spinks an' dunnocks
 I' ivvery hedge an' tree.
 An' hawf-way up a ash tree
 I know a stormcock' nest.
 But I'm too owd for scrimmin'—
 Is' a' to gi'e it best.

Happen a thievin' paunat
 Thra tree to tree 'ull sail,
 As if it had it wark set
 To hug it gre't long tail.
 An' if I'm varry lucky
 A stand-hawk ovver-ead
 'Ull hing i' t' sky i-waitin',
 Then drop just t' same as leead.

I look at t'young corn springin',
 An' hearken t' sky-lark' trills;
 An' then like t'ancient psalmist,
 Lift up me eyes to t'hills.
 I dooan't know how they manage
 I' countries wheer it's flat,
 Look at that Faarnley sky-line!
 W'at can they show like that?

I find aat while I'm lookin'
 —An' ivvery time it's new—
 'At trees a fairish way off
 Turns to a soort o' blue,
 But t'dog thinks nowt o' colours.
 He's scutterin' all abaat
 Reckonin' 'at there's rabbits
 —Reckonin's all I daat.

Then there'll be bluebells waitin'
 When I get into t'wood,
 They're gettin' nearly ovver,
 But t'rooases is i' bud.
 An' though there's nowt belongs me
 —Nooa cloise nor dyke nor tree,
 When I stand lookin' raand me,
 All on it's mine to see.

Ah, when I'm aat i' t'cloises,
 I feel enough for owt,
 But when it comes to talkin'—
 Aye dear, I'm war nor nowt.
 For when I leet o' some'dy,
 An' just pass t'time o' day,
 "Well, it's a reight grand mornin',"—
 Is all 'at I can say.

F. A. CARTER.

A SPRING HOLIDAY.

Come, get tha' on thi Sunda' gear
 For th' sun is shinin breet,
 What ses ta' if we tak' th' fresh aair
 An' not come back 'til neet.

It's mony a ye'r sin' ahr fust walk
 On sich a blithe spring daay,
 An' ha' Ah luv'd wor' awl mi tawk
 An' tha' did not saay "Naay."

Tho' we've hed trials in ahr life,
 We've hed ahr shaare o' joy
 An' manag'd to steer cleear o' strife
 An' luvved withaat alloy.

An' soa we'll courtin' goa once mooar
 Nor think o' caare an' sorrow,
 An' from life's owerflowin' stooar
 We'll beg, or steecal, or borrow

Enough to line ahr little nest
 Wi' comfort ahr life thro',
 For us an' them 'at we luv' best—
 Come, sweetheart, let us go!

JOHN LODGE.

"OWD WORSNOP."

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Jerry put t'empty jug daan varry careful an' woiped t'fleck
 o' froth 'at 'ed settled on 'is top lip wi't back on 'is' and.
 After a pint Jerry could oppen t'past up loike a book, fer 'e
 'ed a mem'ry twice es long es t'Spen Beck.

Sooa es Jerry cleared 'is throit, wi cocked were ears ta
 listen.

"Sooa ther baan ta build i' t'Clough' tha've been sayin'.

Gow! bud nubdy 'ud a lived i' t'aases tha'd 'a put theear fifty yer sin. Nowe—net if tha'd a' putten gowd bricks in."

"A'ivvers that, Jerry?" aw sed, for Jerry wanted a bit o' promptin' nah an' ageean.

"Es ta nivver 'eard tale o' owd Sammy Worsnop?" an' 'is bleeared een seemed ta breeten 'es recollection stang him ta live ovver ageean things long sin' gooan.

"Aw know a' cloise weear t'owd ruined miln stood 'at ewsed ta bi called 'Worsnop's Folly,' bud aw nivver knew wat for," aw said.

"Weel, aw'll tell tha one o' t'fearsomest tales tha's ivver 'eared.

"Owd Sammy Worsnop wor one o' them 'at first started a wayvin' shop i' this valley. If e'd lived nah a'd a 'ed a gurt fact'ry an' 'undreds o' 'ands but 'e wodn't a coom throo moiles in 'is moty-car ivvry mornin'. Nowe—net Sammy, 'ed 'a been i' t'thick on it for fear o' missin' summat, for e wor t'nearest owd Nipscrew 'at ivver drew breeath an' that's sayin' summat wheear men hev built gurt fortunes aat o' men's wants.

"'E wor nobbut a scrany sooart o' chap wi bow legs. 'Is face wor flattish an' white, wi a little gingery beard an' 'e shaved 'is top lip. 'Is maath wor nobbut a slit an' it ewsed ta lift at one corner, that wor t'nearest 'e ivver gate to a smole.

"Ther wor two things 'e loved dearly, one wor brass an' t'other wor wark. Sooa long as 'e wor makkin a profit 'ed wark 'is fingers ta t'boosan.

"'E started a tuthree looms afooar steeam cam an' then when 'e'd made a bit 'e gate a tuthree mooar an' bit toime steeam ingens coom he gate a little shop an' ed one put in ta run 'is looms, one o' them beeam ingens. Aw wor a little taistril then an' aw can weel remember takkin a ride on t'beeam 'at stuck aat at t'soide o' t'wall, bud we kept us een skinned fer Owd Sam, fer 'e'd a skelped us till wi donced if 'e'd 'a copped us.

"Weel, t'brass seemed ta tumble o' top on 'im an' 'e gate a ware-us an' a wayvin shed, an awl toime 'e lived loike a moudiwarp diggin' i' t'muck, blinnd ta ivvrything bud wark.

"Ee! bud e wor a chap ta set t'pace. Sometimes 'e'd gooa ta London ta buy 'is wool an' see customers, an' 'e'd gooa i' t'neet toime, run raand 'is jobs, coome 'ooam throo t'neet an' ger back somewheear i' t'small aars, an asteead o' gooin' 'ooam ta bed loike a Christian e'd gooa in ta ware-us, pull

daan a roll o' cloth, ger a owd waste baskit fer a pilla, lig issen daan an' get a cat nod. An' aw'll bet 'is dreams ud bi summat loike Jacob's nobbut t'angil ud bi 'uggin lumps o' gowd daan t'gowden stee, an' puttin it ta 'is accaant i' t'ledger i' t'Valley Bank.

"When t'buzzer went 'e'd bi pawkin up an daan t'yard ta see whooa wor lat or else standin' i' t'door'oil cursin' t' poor little bairns at carried t'bobbins abaat. Bi gow, an' 'e cud curse; 'e'd stretch aat 'is neck whol 'is Adam's apple sawed up an' daan loike ta slit 'is gissen. Gurt men shrivvled up an' fair crawled past 'im when 'e gat gooin.

"'E cud do two men's wark issen an' 'e cudn't understand men 'at loiked ta tak ther wark ceasy. An sooa 'e slaved an' tewed an' cursed same es 'e wor daft, an' t'ands, throo t'biggest ta t'leeast, feared an' dreedead 'im loike poison. Ther worn't a soul i' t'fact'ry ner i' t'valley 'ud gi' 'im a dacent word. 'E'd help nowt ner nubdy for 'e wodn't a pairted wi t'reek of'n 'is porridge, an' 'e'd a ridden a laase ta Lunden an' back fer t'sake on its 'ide. 'Even t'ands knew 'at tha worn't thoiled brass 'at tha addled. Ivvrybody wor idle an' shiftless bar issen. If tha' worn't tha'd a 'ed brass i' t'bank an' if yo dar argufy wi' 'im an' ass 'im ha ta save aat o' eighteen bob a wick an' six maaths ta feed an' six backs ta cuvver 'e'd lift that one sided smoile o' 'is 'at made 'is flat face nobbut a sneer.

"Sometoimes t'men ud clench ther fists an' t'veins o' there for-heeads ud stand aat loike whipcord when tha'd ta stand t'lash on 'is tongue, an' t'lasses darn't whute an' mooar ner one's gooaan ooam wi' 'er een rooared up.

"If ivver 'e gat t' better on 'is friends—business friends—fer 'e'd nooa other—in a business deaal 'is little een 'ud dance wi' mischief an' malice.

"Bud whether 'e belanged ta them fowk 'at flourish loike a green bay tree—flourish 'e did an' 'is bank balance grew langer an' 'is lips grew tighter.

"Someha' or other 'e spared toime ta get wed—one on his own miln lasses. 'E knew 'at shoo wor es thrifty es Throp's woife or 'e'd nivver a done it. Poor lass! it wor nooan so long afoor shoo wor worn ta t'wick wi tewin' an' pinin' an' savin, an' shoo slipped away wi'aat a feight an' left two little lasses behund 'er.

"T'youngest wor es bonny es a flaar, Edèth tha called 'er an' when tha wor owd eniff tha 'ed ta gooa into t'miln. T'owdest took 'er mother's place at t'loom shoo ewsed ta wayve when t'owd Scrat wed 'er. Emma wor nooa bewty bud shoo'd some at t'owd man's sperit for shoo wor varry

bitter when t'young un wor sent ta wayve asoide on er. Shoo argied abaat schooil an' eddicashun wi' t'owd nipscrew, bud 'e took nooa gawm. Awl 'e said wor, 'Awve 'ed ta do it, 'er mother 'ed, tha 'es, an' what better is shoo? Tak 'er under'and an' moind shoo can wayve in a wick.'

"'E made nooa diffrunce between them an' t'rest o' t' 'ands, an' if owt went wrang 'e'd tak it aat on 'is oan war ner onnybody. 'E'd think nowt o' fotchin Emma a claat at made 'er ear oil ring if 'e wor that way aat, but aw'll gi t'divil 'is due 'e neer touched t'young un. Emma's face ud whiten an' 'er lips ud tighten bud shoo nivver flinched, an' shoo looked after Edeth loike a 'en wi' one chick.

"Edeth wor es mich aat o' place i' t'factory as a primroos on a muck eeap. Shoo wor flaid ta t'deeath o' machinery—whizzing straps an' flyin' wheels, an' whenivver shoo 'ed ta gooa imang em shoo'd stand en try ta stiffen ersen ta gooa through t'narra passage between t'pulleys at ran er oan loom an another machine near by.

"An' tho t'wayvers 'ated t'boss an' made nowt o' Emma monny a one ud lift Edeth 'er waste skep or skep o' bobbins over sooa as shoo cud coom through easier an' shoo'd a bonny little smoile ta thank em wi, but if t'owd lad wor abaht nooabody dar lift a finger ta 'elp 'er, net even Emma. 'E'd copped 'er once an' 'e threatened ta skelp 'er if shoo stopped 'er loom fer owt.

"'Are ta baan ta gooa cluckin' after 'er awl 'er loife?' 'e raved. It wor fair pitiful t'way at Edeth tried ta please 'im. 'Er pleasant ways an' disarmin' smoile ud a melted a 'eart a stooan, bud owd Worsnop nivver looked for nowt o' that fer if onnybody 'at ta gie 'im a gracious word 'e a' thowd tha wanted soom on 'is brass an' tha'd a bin welcomer ta 'is 'eart's blood.

"What 'appened i' t'place tha called ooam nooabody cud tell, fer Emma cud be as cloise es butter. Them two ewsed ta gooa across ta eit bud t'owd Sammy browt 'is meel in a 'ankutch an ate it i' t'office an luk sharp sooa es 'e cud pawk abaat an' finned summat ta grummle at.

"Sooa toime went on an Sammy gate richer an queerer, bud 'e gate ta t'band end an' it 'appened this rooad.

"Business 'ed sooa prospered 'at 'e 'ed ta get a lad ta 'elp 'im in t'office, a reight daan dacent lad 'e wor, an awl, an' sewer eniff 'e fell i' love wi Edeth. It wor plain es a pikestaff ta' t'wayvers, bud Sammy mud awther a 'ed blinkers on, else 'e wor ta thrang makkin brass for 'e nivver nooticed nowt.

"T'lad ewsed ta sneek in when t'boss's back wor turned ta match a colour or seek t'number on a warp an' 'e wor sewer ta ev ta pass Edeth's loom, an, ivvryboddy wor soa tender an sympathetic ta t'bairns an' if Sammy wor seen comin' in t'signal ud fly raand an' Dick ud walk aat lookin' es' sackless es a suckin' duck.

"Bud one Friday a t'afternoon it 'appened t'shed wor clear o' Sammy an' Dick 'ed come ta do a bit o' cooartin' on t'sly. Edeth 'ed just been ta fotch a skep o' bobbins an' Dick wor 'elpin 'er bi liftin' t'skep between shafts, when 'e saw Edeth's face change. 'E looked raand, an' theear stood owd Scrat, fer if ivver a man could look loike divvle 'e did then.

"Bi gow! worn't ther a 'ullaballoo. 'E raved an' stamped an' swore whol 'e foamed at maath loike a mad dog.

"'Suttha,' 'e shaated, 'do aw pay thee ta gooa maylockin abaat wi lasses, yo young'—nay, aw weeant mucky mi maath wi t'names 'e called 'im. T'lad wer sooa dropped on 'e looked fair maddled. Bud 'e worn't satisfied wi bellin' at t'lad, 'e turned on Edeth. 'Dost ta want aw! t'shop ta fotch an' carry for tha? Hug thi oan skep an' waste nooa mooar toime abaat it.'

"Whether shoo went dizzy wi freet or what nubdy'll ivver knaw, bud one on 'er long plets were copped i' t'belt an' shoo wor dragged up an' 'er cead banded ageean t'balk an' then—then shoo dropped daan at 'er fatter's feet.

"T'looms stopped loike magic. Ivvrybody raand rushed, bud Emma wor theear t'first an' shoo faced t'owd man loike a woman made o' stooan, nobbut 'er lips twitched an' 'er een blazed, an' sooa tha faced one another fer a minnit. Somebody covered t'poor broken bairn wi' a sack, bud Emma still faced t'owd man ner nivver moved. Then shoo spak en' t'wuds dropped loike venom throo 'er white lips:

"'Sammy Worsnop, es trew es thers a God aboon aw'll saddle this accaant wi thee an aw'll saddle it fair. Ther'll bi nowt owin' o' awther soide," an' then shoo dropped o' t'floor an cuddled that deead lass to 'er loike a babby an' bi gow ther worn't a dry ee i' t'place.

"That varry neet t'buzzer wakkened mi up. Aw cud eear shaats an' racin' feet, an' aw jumped aat o' bed an ran ta t'winder. Sky wor lit up an' aw cud just see t'top o' long shooitin' tongues o' flame. 'Good luord,' aw said, 't'miln's afoire,' an' off aw set nobbut batin ta pool mi britches on, an' shove mi feet inta mi slippers.

"When aw gate into t'streets ther seemed ta bi 'undreds craadin aat o' ginnels an' snickets an' awl rushin' ta'ard that awful glare, an' their wor monny a sluffened 'eart imang 'em, fer it meant leean toimes if ther wor nooa wark.

"Bud, it worn't miln at awl, it wor t'miln haase blazin' an' cracklin' loike tinder. Some o' t'men ed formed a chain ta t'beck at wor cloise by an' t'buckets were run along, bud wi cud awl see at it worn't a bit o' ewse. Ee! bud ther wor a ta-do. Men shaated an' women fainted, fer up theear i' t'chaymer winda wor Owd Sammy skrikin loike a mad man. 'Is face wor awl twisted wi fret till wi 'ardly knew 'im. Men ran fer a stee an' propped it ageean t'wall, bud ther cudn't maant fer t'blisterin' 'eeat. It drave 'em back toime an' ageean. Then sumdy shaated, 'Ther's Emma up theear.' Ivvy face wor lifted ta that blazin' chaymer an' wi saw 'er wi 'er long black 'air streeamin' abaat 'er, an' aw ooap awst neear live ta see anuther face luk loike 'ers did then. T'skrikin stopped, nay wi' even seemed ta stop breathein an' awl. What wor shoo baan ta do?

"'Jump, Emma,' sum'dy shaated, 'jump, lass, fer thi loife!' Bud shoo took nooa gawm. Shoo just lapped 'er airms raand 'er fatter an' dragged 'im back into t'cracklin ruins. Then ther wor a greeat crash an' t'roof fell in a-top on em

"What tha fun on em when tha started ta cleear t'ruins wor nobbut some crozzled bones 'at tha'd ta shool into a seck, bud ther wor noor daat abaat it, Emma sattled that accaant in 'er oan queer sta'rk fashion."

ETHEL STEAD.

A PIONEER OF AVIATION.

Isn't it wonderful what thowts al come into a chap's heead at springtime, spechaly when he's young, gooid looking, an a bit a brass. Well, that's just as it took Moses Townend a hunderd yer sin come next April. He thowt he could fly wi a pair of baking spitals festened to his shakkles, but he thowt a lie just same as owd Mark Dawson dog did when he thowt Mark wor baahn to gie im summat ta eyt.

It wor a grand spring mornin, and Moses felt soa leet, an appy, that he felt as if he could jump ovver a haase thak, soa he gat two baking spitals, what they used when they wor baking havercake, two big wooden shoos wi short handles, an festened two leather straps at back a boath on em, to put his hands through. He came aht at haase wi em on into garden, an it just happened at John Barden an Dan Spencer came dahn Chapel loin at same time.

"Olla wand thi, Moases. Whativver ar ta bahn to do?" Dan said.

"Guise hang yoh two. I didn't want anybody to see me."

"Haah's that?" John said. "Ar ta scarrin burds, or catchin snails?" But it took him a long time to say it, cos he stuttered.

"Now, om nother scarrin burds nor catchin snails, an yoh couldn't guess if yoh wor to goaa on wol midnee. Om baahn to try to fly. I doan't expect to goa so far, but it might gie me an idea."

"Well, did ta ivver yer tell a owt like that befoor," Dan said.

"Nivver i all my born days, but where's thi t-t-t-t-t-tail?" John stuttered. "I nivver saw a burd baht a t-t-t-t-t-tail."

"Well, by gum, I nivver thowt a that," said Moasey. "What can I get, I wonder? Wod a haver meyl pooark do?"

"That's just the varry thing," Dan said. Soa Moses went an fetched a haver meyl pooark aht atthaase, an they teed it to his blue smock at back, an t'wind blew it aah sa as it make him look moor like a gret burd.

"Theer," John said, "om sewer that's better. Tha looks moor like a turkey cock naah, but tha knows thal have to mak them airms fair d-d-d-d-d-d-d-dither."

"An if tha gets as far as mooin, think on tha brings me a bit a green cheese back," said Dan.

"Om nooan baahn to mooin, so thal get noa green cheese. Osst be satisfied if I can land i' t'next cloise. I think om ready naah; just gi me a hand up to coil hoil thak."

Soa they helped im on to coil hoil thak.

"Nah, then, tha mun mak them wings goa same as a hummer be," Dan said.

"Owd on a minit!" exclaimed John. "As ta emptied thi p-p-p-p-p-p-p-pockets? Tha duzn't want to ug noa weight."

They emptied his pockets. Then he began wavin his airms as fast as he could, an off he went, but th' air woddent old im up, and daahn he crashed.

"Well, ol be swappt, thar i Shelley yet. As ta hurten thisen?"

"I've twisted my ankle and brokken a baking spital."

"Well, let's sam im up an ug im intut haase."

Soa Dan and John ugged im in an put im on t'sofa.

"I teld thi to mak them airms fair d-d-d-dither," John stuttered. "Tha didn't hofe mak em goa."

"Well, I couldn't mak em goa anny faster."

"Next time tha wants to fly, thee grow some feathers first."

"Aye, I think ost have to live a bird seed afore I try agean."

"Ol tell thi what I think," Dan said.

"Tha's noa kayshun."

"But I will, an it's this. Thar a mawmus!"

John laughed: "A mawmus? What's a maw-maw-maw-mawmus?"

"Why, it's just one to thersen. Come on, it's time we were off! I wop thal sooin mend."

ALBERT FITTON.

THREE KISSES.

I watched a mother tent her bairn
By gleam o't fire-leet—
A bonnier seet ye'd nivver see—
I bent me doon upon me knee
And kissed yon dimpled feet.

Beyont a plot o' gardin ground
Owd Liza's cottage stands—
She lay there lapt i't peace o' death,
To work no more. Wi' sobbin' breath
I kissed them kind owd hands.

The lad I luv he met wi' me
Just where yon moor road dips
Atwixt the spinney and the beck.
I put me arms about his neck
And kissed his laffin' lips.

GERALDINE B. BINNELL.

THER'S AN AU'D WILLA' TREE.

Ther's an au'd willa' tree doon bi t'sahd o' Steers beck,
'At Ah nivver gan by wivoot thinking o' thee;
For t'war ther' 'at Ah fo'st put me airms roond thi neck,
An' t'war ther' 'at thoo fo'st kissed me.

Ther's a lahtle steean cot reeght awaay up i' t'deeal,
 Wheear Ah took tha that daay we war meead man' an' [wife,
 An' thoff i' them daays we'd beeath monny a plaan meel,
 Ther' 'wer au'dest lad com ti life.

Thoff Ah knaw 'at thoo'll saay, "Never mahnd t'willla tree,
 Nivver mahnd t'au'd steean cot, nobbut deea reeght ti [me,"
 Ah deea want tha ti knaw, 'at Ah've luv'd neean bud thee,
 Sin' that neeght when thoo fo'st kissed me.

STANLEY UMPLEBY.

AU'D GEORGE. A METHODY PIONEER.

Au'd George war yan o' them strang-heeaded, rough an' riddy soart o' men 'at wi used ti knaw up i' t'deeals when wi war lads, bud which seem ti be dyin' oot fast. He hed neea eddication mieh an' Ah sud doot if he ivver went ti skeeal aboon a twelvemonth. When he did gan t'skeeal-maisther used ti tell him he owt ti fetch a few hens wiv i'm ti gether t'cooarn up 'at he scattered o' t'fleeear under his desk.

George could mannish ti read, awivver, an' he used ti mak t'best use of his Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." He was sadly bothered becos ther' war neea chappil onywheear gain-hand, an' he wadn't rist till he'd gett'n t'minister ti arrange ti ho'd sarvices iv his lahle tweece-roomed cottage.

Eftther t'sarvices 'ed been gahin' a bit Au'd George landed yam yah neeght wiv a Harmonium on a handcart.

"Noo, what's t'a browt?" ax'd t'au'd lady.

"Ah've browt sum music," replied George, an' telt young George, his twelve-year-au'd son, ti git ageeat larnin' reeght awaay.

"Thoo mun he' yah tune off bi Sunday, an' it mun bi a common measure. Ah sud like tha ti larn 'Lyngham,' " t'au'd man said, bud thoff t'lad had a ga he meead nowt o't, an' to'n'd t'peeages o' t'hymn-beeak ower ti "Arlington."

He meead better oot wi' this tune, an' gat fo'st bar off i' neea tahn, an' affooar t'neeght war oot 'ed gett'n thruff t'fo'st lahn. Bi Setterdae neeght lahle George could git thruff t'tune an' he war aboot as excited as t'au'd man be Sunday neeght.

Au'd George met t'looacal preeacher at deear, an affooar he'd gett'n his coat off an his umbrella i t'coarner George telt him he could he' as monny hymns as he wanted, bud the'd nobbut yah tune. T'preeacher leek'd hard at George, but said nowt as he knew 'at it war neea good argyin', an' sidled awaay inti a coarner ti chaange his hymns. Innoo he war riddy wi fower common measures.

The' gat thruff t'sarvice varry canny an' bi t'end t'lad began ti fancy hissels as an organist. Efther t'prayer-meeting was ower, an' all t'fooak hed gone yam, Au'd George telt t'young 'un he'd deean varry we'll bud moon he' another tune off bi t'followin' Sunday, an' 'at it mun bi a sho't measure this time.

"Ah think we'll he' 'Cranbrook,' " said t'au'd man.

"Nay, faether, that's a hard 'un," said t'young man, "bud Ah'll he' a ga at 'St. Michael,' " an' reeght eneeaf he hed it off bi t'next Sunday, an' when t'preeacher com' t'au'd man telt him the'd nobbut twee tunes thoff he could he' as monny hymns as he liked. Preeacher hardlings knew what ti mak' on't, but thowt it best ti say nowt, an' cheease twee common and twee sho't measures.

The' gat on all-reeght an' ivverybody war set up wi' t'progress the' meead. T'lad went on larnin' a tune a week an' t'singing mended as the' went on.

Au'd George hes been deead a lang while an' young George is noo an au'd man. The' ha' a chappil near wheer George's cottage still stands, bud Ah deean't suppooas 'at ther's oft mich thowt o' them au'd days. Young George when he gan's ti t'chappil noo may hear sum o' t'au'd tunes bud Ah doot if the' soond as sweet as the' did i' t'early daays.

STANLEY UMPLEBY.

REVIEWS.

"GYPSY DORELIA," a Story Play in Three Acts, by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe. Illustrated by John Austen. (The Bodley Head, 10/6 net.)

In this new drama of the Dales, Dorothy Una Ratcliffe breaks new ground. But the background, both geographical and psychological, is the same as in the *Dale Dramas* and *The Gone Away*. There is the same unmistakable Dale atmosphere, the same deep affection for Dale types, and the same fragrant scent of the wind and the heath.

The people of the play, however, are different. True, there is a Squire of the old days who links up the Romanies of the story with Yorkshire folk, but *Gypsy Dorelia* derives its main interest as the picture of a nomadic people, once familiar and picturesque enough in our country lanes, but now little known and shorn of much of their old-time glamour and romance. We have epics of the ways and thoughts of the gypsies in Borrow's two books and in Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin*, and Mrs. Ratcliffe has made full use of the rich gypsy lore which enthusiastic students of Romany have garnered during the last few years. The result is a charming picture of gypsy life made all the more vivid and realistic by its dramatic setting.

Not only does Mrs. Ratcliffe give us a convincing portrait of these people, with whom she has, so the dust jacket informs us, some blood affinity, but also we are shown something of that fatalistic, mysterious aura that surrounds their actions and their habitual thoughts, and reconciles petty theft with an almost mystical belief in sanctity of race and in an over-ruling fate. Sibella may take the servant's shilling or the Squire's guineas, may sell her grand-daughter to the highest bidder even if he be a gorgio, but the mainspring of her action is her loyalty to her tribe, and her faith in the ultimate goodness of Providence.

It is here where Mrs. Ratcliffe has succeeded so well in *Gypsy Dorelia*. She has made Dorelia, with her apparent contradictions, intelligible and real, a character of tragic

stature, because from the beginning she is in the meshes of a relentless destiny whose power, an article of faith in the Gypsy creed, is vividly and poignantly unfolded to our gaze.

Gypsy Dorelia is an attractive play, full of life and movement, and we hope that some opportunity may be found to present it. It should prove as successful as did the broadcast of Mrs. Ratcliffe's last work, *The Gone Away*.

The play is charmingly illustrated in black and white by John Austen. It is a notable addition to the literature of the Yorkshire Dales.

"HUMOURS OF VILLAGE LIFE," by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C., with an Introduction by Sir Alfred Pease, Bart. (Heath Cranton, Ltd., 3/6 net.)

The name of Richard Blakeborough is familiar to all lovers of Yorkshire and her rich dialects. He was one of that select band of writers who have mirrored in their works the soul of our county, and exalted folk-lore and folk-speech to the rank of great literature. Major Fairfax-Blakeborough is a worthy successor to his illustrious father as chronicler and interpreter of the countryside. His reputation as a writer on sporting matters stands deservedly high, but he has never written to better purpose than when recounting the simple annals of our country folk.

Humours of Village Life is a series of sketches of the life of a very real but mythical Yorkshire village, Carthorne. Here we meet with those village worthies who are for ever Yorkshire. Mary Thompson who usually "supplied the brains," Lizzie Leckonby one of the "main folks at the chappill," Rachel Raby and the other members of the Sewing Meeting are all here, and all recognisable in their speech, their scandals, their sympathies and their aversions.

No one who was not an enthusiast for village life and village humours could have written these sketches. They are brimful of that large humanity that betokens real fellow-feeling, real affection and a sympathetic understanding. Here you find humour of the purest type: there is no cynical superiority, no under-current of satire, no condescension. It is a story of the people by one who loves and understands the people. And how true the dialect rings! The sketches are a model for all who would try to write in the native Doric.

We hope our members will get this book. It will convince them better than reams of argument that dialect can be literature in the hands of a master. As a blend of quiet

humour, deep sincerity and accomplished writing, these sketches could hardly be surpassed, and no true lover of our dialect and our county can afford to miss them. Sir Alfred Pease, the well-known writer on North Riding lore and dialect, contributes an appreciative introduction.

"JOSEPH WRIGHT, 1855-1930," by C. H. Firth.
(Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. XVIII.
London: Humphrey Milford, 1/- net.)

This essay is a summary of the biography of the great philologist, written by Mrs. Wright, and reviewed in the last issue of the Transactions. It tells the story of the life and work of Joseph Wright, and is a valuable account for those who have not access to the larger "Life." Necessarily brief, this short study concentrates on the linguistic achievements of this great Yorkshireman, but it does not omit a sympathetic estimate of Professor Wright's private life and character.

"He combined," says the writer, "the energy and courage of self-made men with a scholar's love of knowledge for its own sake, and having attained success, instinctively used position and gains for the advancement of his studies." Those who knew the man as well as his world-wide achievements in the realms of philology will testify to the truth of this judgment.

"THE WAITING ROOM," Poems by Irene Petch. (Basil Blackwell, 3/6 net.)

These poems by a Yorkshire writer are not in dialect, and are not concerned in any particular way with our county, but as the work of one of our poets who is rapidly commanding a large and appreciative public, they are worthy of notice in this journal.

The prevailing note of the poems is their sensitiveness to the beauty that lurks in common things. A flower, a September day, Winter Silence, the sights and sounds which are our daily experience, and with most of us so familiar that they pass unnoticed, reveal in Miss Petch's sensitive verse hidden beauties and a new significance.

But if the themes are homely, the treatment is fresh and individual. There is nothing common, nothing mean in Miss Petch's art. Indeed, there is a wealth of power in the quiet restraint. Even in her poems to the great, like Beethoven, Bacon, and Shakespeare, when it is so fatally easy to be

derivative and a mere echo, Miss Petch is personal, sincere and convincing. This perhaps is the sum of her achievement, that she can invest old themes with a new spirit of wonder, and pass on the vividness of her own imaginative experiences with undiminished intensity. We cordially commend this volume to all lovers of beauty and sincerity in poetry and in song.

"SOUTH AFRICAN SUMMER," 5,000 Miles with a Car and Caravan-trailer, by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe (Mrs. McGrigor Phillips). (London: Country Life Ltd., 10/6 net.)

Long ago in the greatest of all travel books, Kinglake made fun of the guide-book writer with his zeal for second-hand impressions and his pride in statistics. The geography book of our early days delighted to tell us that Mount Everest was 29,002 feet high, and the inquisitive youth who blandly asked if this included the snow very properly had his ears boxed for his impertinence. There have been excellent travel books since "Eothen," and even if most of them still have traces of the *snobisme* which Kinglake certainly had and which often characterises the Englishman abroad, they are in the main sincere, racy and humorous. After all, the *sine qua non* of any traveller is humour, and when this is joined to a capacity for sympathy and understanding such as Mrs. Ratcliffe has, the combination gives you such a jolly book as *South African Summer*.

For, above everything else, this is a jolly book. I read it through at a sitting because I was unwilling to be disturbed out of the pleasant and jolly frame of mind that the reading induced. Mrs. Ratcliffe has an eye for the whimsical, and seems constantly to exclude from her vision all but the sunny side of things. She has, too, a genius for friendship, and can gain the confidence of a Fingo oxen driver or a Paramount Chief of the Pondos with little more than a smile. Add to this a poet's eye for the beauties of earth and a poet's skill in felicitous phrasing, and you will gain some impression of the special appeal that *South African Summer* makes to the judicious reader.

The book describes a 5,000 miles tour with a 24 h.p. Buick and a caravan-trailer from Cape Town to Durban, most of it off the beaten track. Adventures, often amusing, often exciting, often arduous, are there by the score. These are light-heartedly sketched, and one can always see the twinkle in the author's eye even when the Laird looked military and Hal prognosticated disaster. The path lay on the outskirts

of the Great Karroo, and penetrated into the picturesque native centres of Transkei, Tembuland, and north to the Mont aux Sources in the Drakensberg. But it is not a mere story of the countryside though we are given fascinating glimpses of flora and fauna and landscape: it is a human document of first-rate interest, for Mrs. Ratcliffe never missed an opportunity of judging humanity in the raw, and the confidence she inspired in her native acquaintances en route gives a real insight into the character and outlook of the native mind. This personal side of the book is one of its charms.

South African Summer is a travel book out of the ordinary, full of high spirits, the joy of life, racy description and shrewd comment, and, above all, full of the poet's zest for humanity. Mr. Phillips has enriched the text with several artistic photographs. It is a book to enjoy, and return to again and again.

W. J. HALLIDAY.

GRANNY MAT TO HER GRAND-DAUGHTER MATILDA.

By DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

GRANNY MAT : Doves is in their cotes,
 Cow is in her byre,
 Puppies noo are sleepin',
 Dyin' doon is t'fire ;
 At t'end of daytime
 Sleep is ony reet,
 Soa cuddle doon, my lile Luve,
 An' say 'Good neet.'

MATILDA : Hullets hoot in fir-trees,
 Foxes are awake,
 Badgers under t'owd oak
 Wi' each other laik ;
 Like a gowden bon-fire
 T'moon is toppin' t'rise ;
 Lile stars are laughin'
 Gronny Dear, fra t'skies.

GRANNY MAT : Childer shouldn't argue
 Wi' grown-ups who knaw best,
 Neet wur special made by t' Lord
 Soa folk could rest :
 He made Day an' He made Neet—
 It's in t' Bible, Barn ;
 Marry ! when thoo's owder
 Thoo's a vast to larn !

T' CAT HOLE INN.

(For Alfred Brown).

By DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

Neet wur murky an' wild an' starless,
West-wind beldered an' yelled,
When owd Joe Hutchinson watched wi' his lantern,
Outside t'Cathole at Keld.

He held leet up an' he scanned our faces,
Hasta coom far? he said.
"Aye, track wurn't easy to see ower Shunner,
I thowt 'at we'd strayed."

Coom your ways in. He turned an' led us
Into a warm, breet room,
Cheersome wur lamp an' rare wur flame-leet
After cowl an' gloom. . . .

Aa! when we finish our last long tramp
Happen in pourin' rain,
If we gits a welcome as good as Joe gied us
We weant complain.

THER'S BETTER DAYS TO COME.

.....

By Alderman Sir BEN TURNER.

Owd time rolls on, the ye'rs cahnt up,
 An' things, at times, look glum,
 But still, owd lad,
 Don't look so sad,
 Ther's better days 'ull come.

Some say they'd like to live life o'er,
 But, speykin' for missen,
 —'Midst life's despair—
 Ah wodn't care
 To start afresh again.

Ah dunnot want to travel back,
 Ah'd raythur mak' things hum,
 An' work an' pray,
 An' hopin', say,
 "Ther's better days to come."

TH' HENPECKED HUSBAND.

By Alderman Sir BEN TURNER.

Ther's sum folks work at laikin',
 An' sum folks laik at wark,
 An' sum are allus quakin'
 An' darn't goon aght i' th' dark.

Ther's sum 'at ses they're freetened
 An' dunnot knaw what for,
 An' sum wi' heeads 'at's leetened—
 An' looks as if they wor.

Ther's sum 'at's reit soft-hearted
 Poor, poor John Henry Dubbs,
 An' ses ther lives are thwarted,
 An' join these henpecked clubs.

Ah wonder if they wonder
 What game they're playin' at,
 Or if it's just a blunder
 An' makes 'em soft and flat!

If one o' th' wives should whisper,
 Heer, Jack, just tee this shoe!
 Ah wonder if he'd slip hur—
 Ah'll bet he'd just come, too!

One might just play the divul,
 Another grunt and groan,
 An' one might answer civil,
 This one day is mi own!

Well, let 'em have ther outin'—
 Ther Easter Monday out,
 An' let 'em goa on spoutin',
 It suits 'em—cos it's nowt!

[The "Henpecked Club" meets in an about Hardeastle Craggs on Easter Monday each year. It is a "rallaree" day for the alleged henpecked husbands.]

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56

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